

Puck

WEEK ENDING JUNE 12, 1915
PRICE TEN CENTS



CHANNEL BELLES

PAINTED BY ENOCH BOLLES

Ruck



Don't Overlook The Daintiest Dish of All

In planning summer meals—breakfasts, luncheons, suppers—don't overlook Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. They'll serve you better and oftener than any other foods you know.

These are whole-grain bubbles, airy, flaky, crisp and fragile, with a taste like toasted nuts. In no other form are these grains so enticing or so easy to digest.

Keep them in the house. Morning, noon and night in summer—afternoon and bedtime—they are just the foods that everybody wants.

These are Cereal Tit-Bits

Here are food confections to be served in many ways. Mix them with your berries; serve with sugar and cream. Float in bowls of milk, instead of bread and crackers. Use in candy making or as garnish for ice cream. Let children eat like peanuts when at play.

If nut meats could be made crisp and flaky they would taste much like Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. So Puffed Grains can be used like nut meats in addition to their use as foods.

These grains have become the great table delights. The summer demand runs pretty close to two million dishes daily. Once they were breakfast dainties only. Now they are all-day foods. Perhaps the greatest use of all today is in evening bowls of milk.

Puffed Wheat, 12c	CORN
Puffed Rice, 15c	PUFFS
<small>Except in Extreme West</small>	<small>15c</small>

The Maximum in Cookery

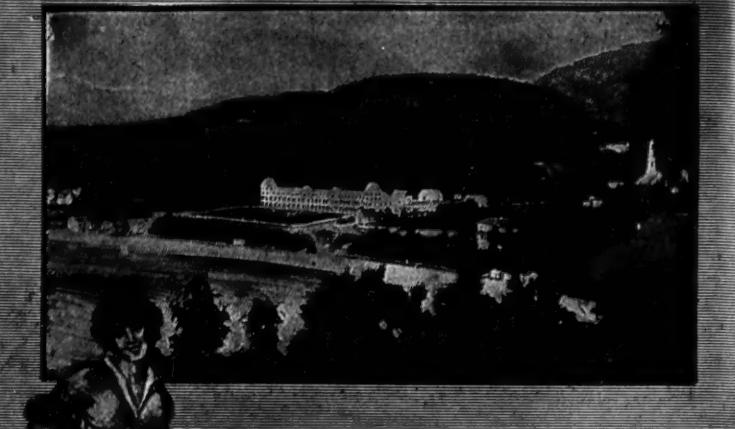
Cookery has reached its climax in these steam-explored foods. Every food cell is blasted. Digestion is easy and complete. It has never been possible, in other methods of cooking, to break up more than part of the granules. But in this method, invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson, not a food cell is left whole.

That's the hygienic reason for serving Wheat and Rice in puffed form. They supply every whole-grain element. They do not tax the stomach, and every atom feeds. Food experts hope the time will come when all grains can be puffed.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

NIAGARA TO THE SEA



Miss Canada,
as she appears
in picturesque
Quebec

Come—Visit This Quaint Little Lady, in Her Quaint Old Home

Europe itself is not more "old-world" in atmosphere than Quebec. Venice is not more delightful in scenery than the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. The sea-side is tame compared with a trip down this beautiful river. It's an enchanted river; and the Saguenay is equally interesting in a different way. Both are included in the wonderful trip, "Niagara to the Sea," that costs only \$34.55 (return fare, Niagara Falls to Saguenay River).

Our beautiful book of views will help you to decide where to go this summer. Have you written for a copy of it yet? Send 6c. in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

Thos. Henry, Passenger Traffic Manager,
Canada Steamship Lines, Limited
114 Victoria Square, Montreal.

JUNE
20-24

ELEVENTH ANNUAL

AAC of W

For special information address CONVENTION COMMITTEE
Advertising Ass'n of Chicago
Advertising Bldg. 129 Madison Street
CHICAGO

Puck



HE non-refillable bottle is a wonderful thing to keep Carstairs Rye safe. But, by Jove, I'm glad I don't have to drink it out of a non-refillable glass."

Carstairs Rye

Be sure you get Carstairs Rye in the non-refillable bottle — "a good bottle to keep good whiskey good." From 1788 to the present day, there has been no change in the quality except to improve it.



Stewart Distilling Co.

Established 1788

PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK
BALTIMORE



Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter

Next Week's PUCK a Commencement Number.



"Take It From Me!"

Not the old-fashioned, dry-as-dust Commencement Number you have heretofore known, but an issue that smacks of the *real* flavor of college life, with all its truths and fallacies. The cover is "Take It From Me!" by Rolf Armstrong. Can you gaze long and earnestly at this inadequate black-and-white reproduction of the four-color original without experiencing a desire to possess this issue at any cost? We'll wager that every college man—and co-ed—in the country will be talking about next week's PUCK within twenty-four hours after publication. The double page is by Jack Held, and is a bit of satire that will be hugely enjoyed by the grind as well as by his athletic classmate. All of the PUCK favorites, artists and humorists alike, are represented in the number, and each has confined his contribution to the college atmosphere.

A Month of Advertising Gains

Few periodicals have had an opportunity during the past year of recording any noteworthy degree of gains in their advertising patronage. We believe we are correct in stating that PUCK has shown a greater percentage of increase than any other publication in America. Beginning a year ago at the bottom of the weekly list, it now occupies a position well up toward the top, and in the month of May carried a total of 20,916 agate lines of advertising. Over the corresponding period one year ago, PUCK carried 5,295 agate lines, showing a gain in twelve months approximating 300 per cent.

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In writing to advertisers, please say "I saw it in Puck."

OLUS
PAT'D 1900
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



¶ Built on entirely different lines from all other makes.

¶ Coat-cut a patented feature—opens all the way down the leg.

¶ Easy to put on; easy to take off—no struggle to dress and undress.

¶ Fits perfectly, with more freedom of action than any other union suit.

¶ If it isn't coat-cut, it isn't OLUS, but a substitute.

\$1-\$1.50 \$2-\$2.50-\$3

OLUS
ONE-PIECE
PAJAMA



for lounging and sleeping. No strings to tighten or come loose.

For Men and Women.

\$1.50-\$2
\$2.50-\$3
\$3.50 and \$4

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

Booklet on request.

The Girard Company

346 Broadway, Dept. 8, New York

Puck



GRINIGRAMS

RIVAL EXPERTS

*In all that British-Kitchener fuss,
It really seemed quite odd to us
That no one mentioned Irvin Cobb
As just the man for Kitchener's job.*

Three volcanos on United States territory are in active eruption. Possibly they plan to go on the Chautauqua circuit this summer.

"What is the President, anyway? He is only a man who lasts for four years; then sinks into oblivion."

—Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

Jefferson, for instance. Jackson, for example. Lincoln, by way of illustration.

If he had only held out a while longer, the Motorman of Syracuse might have got a fat job in Albany, running the Republican steam-roller for Mr. Barnes.

"Once a farmer has an automobile he soon finds himself looking forward to summer evening rides with his family."

—A sales manager.

Or he may get up at two o'clock in the morning and take a restful spin before putting the family to work.

Writes an able correspondent, referring to the Premier of Rumania: "He stands for the moment amid evenly balanced points of paralyzing doubt." To grasp fully what this means, watch the man who is trying to decide whether he wants to start luncheon with a Bronx, a Martini or a Rickey.

The provost of a co-ed college has discovered that some of the women students seem more interested in the male students than in acquiring knowledge. Columbus stretches forth his hand and greets a fellow-discoverer.

"Above all we must have pockets. They are what we women need most of all."

—Mrs. A. M. Palmer.

But in case of emergency, man's pocket answers very well.

This is the psychological moment for German street bands to add "The Star Spangled Banner" to their repertoire. Incidentally, there will be money in it.



THE WORM WILL TURN

CIVILIZED BOOKWORM: I'm fond of philosophy all right, but I simply can't stomach that!



BREAKING IT GENTLY

"Really, Theodore, when I want you to act as President of the United States, I'll elect you."

"We want to live like white men. We want to produce our own material and we want to pay our workmen decent wages for doing it. This cannot be done with a low tariff."

—A victim of "pauper labor."

And sometimes, doubtless due to absent-mindedness, it is not done with a high tariff. There was the case of Lawrence, Mass., for example, where investigation showed that considerably less than \$10 a week was the average wage of an adult male in a highly protected industry. It is just as well to remember these things when talking glibly of the "American standard of living." Perhaps, on second thought, it should be revised to read: "the American standard of living like white men."

A critic of Yale speaks scornfully of "a \$300,000 'bowl' and a \$10 prize for the boy who leads the freshman class in his studies." A frightful discrepancy, to be sure; but, when you come right down to it, of what advertising value to Yale is a boy who leads the freshman class in his studies?

Quoth an advocate of Prohibition: "Men 100 or 125 years old would not be uncommon if the use of alcohol were abolished." Yes, but think of waiting all that time for a rich uncle to die.

"Good Lord, Doctor, if I only had just a week among these mighty peaks, a hundred legislative investigating committees would have no terrors for me."

—The Mayor of New York to the Mayor of Cody.

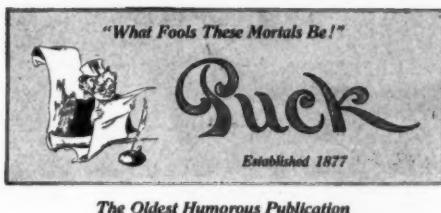
As evidence of a desire to do the best it could, New York might move Mayor Mitchell's office to the top floor of the Woolworth Building.

The "proxy marriage" is the latest thing in Paris; a device whereby the groom's absence on the battle line is not permitted to interfere with the nuptial ceremony. This adds another to the cast of characters; namely, the war-groom.

"In the past women instead of fighting in the open have said catty things behind one another's backs. Now they come out in the open."

—From a feminine interview.

You have, of course, noticed the change in your wife's sewing circle.



VOL. LXXVII. NO. 1997. WEEK ENDING JUNE 12, 1915

HAY ON HYPHENS

By the time this is in type, Germany doubtless will have made her reply to President Wilson's protest. As we write, indications point to a peaceful settlement of the points at issue, and if such a settlement is reached, it will be another diplomatic achievement for the administration, in which we should all feel a just pride.

The incident has served to precipitate two questions that might as well be threshed out now, however, as at any other time. One concerns our preparedness for war, on which we shall have something to say at a later date. The other bears upon the status of that considerable portion of our population who please to call themselves German-Americans.

There is no time like the present for removing the hyphen. In those tense days immediately following the sinking of the *Lusitania*, there were too many adopted citizens of America who showed a marked disposition to straddle the question of nationality.

Such citizens as these are responsible for the recurrent endeavors made in Congress to curb the tide of immigration into this country.

It is comforting, often, to tear a page from history that seems to coincide with the problems of to-day. Thus, we find John Hay, then Secretary of State, writing to a friend just fifteen years ago:

"The moment we acted, the rest of the world paused, and finally came over to our ground; and the German Government, which is generally brutal but seldom silly recovered its senses, climbed down off its perch and presented another proposition which was exactly in line with our position."

Nor is "hyphenated" a new term as applied to Americans of German birth or extraction. Secretary Hay wrote to President McKinley in 1899:

"The hyphenated Germans are so frantically unjust toward us that nothing we could do would have any effect upon their howling, so I think we will have to decide the matter without reference to them."

This was written at a time when Kaiser William had sent Count Waldersee into China with instructions that his forces were "to comport themselves so like Huns that for a thousand years to come no Chinese would dare to look a German in the face." This policy availed the Kaiser but little in China, and even though Lord Northcliffe has called us "a nation of white Chinese," we doubt if a similar policy would strike terror to the Administration at Washington.

We are a peace-loving people, but President Wilson has demonstrated that our peace shall be not unmixed with honor.

THE INCREDIBLE MR. BARNES

The Hon. William Barnes, Jr., is the owner of a newspaper, and may therefore be classified professionally as a "newspaper man." He is not new in the newspaper business. He has been at it for many years, and he is supposed to know it from various angles. Hence, it is surprising to find him ignorant of a fact, which, to most newspaper men, from publishers down

Puck



The Taxidermist

to cub reporters, is one of the plainest facts in connection with journalism. If for any reason you have "got it in" for a man, and he is a public man, and not at all averse to publicity, a most effective method of attacking him is by the simple expedient of never printing his name or anything about him in your newspaper.

Said a most astute politician in days gone by: "I don't care what the newspapers print about me, so long as they print *something*." In other words, it is better to be mentioned and damned than not to be mentioned at all. The American people are a fickle people, and those of whom they do not read regularly they forget. The American people were gradually forgetting a gentleman with a weakness for the spectacular — a gentleman of whom the Hon. William Barnes, Jr., strongly disapproved—and then the said Barnes, owner of a newspaper and a newspaper man, did the incredible thing of suing the spectacular gentleman for libel.

It would not have been so bad if publication of the details could have been confined to Albany, where Mr. Barnes' newspaper has its home. A purely local matter does not circulate beyond a purely local circle of readers. There was nothing local about the spectacular gentleman, however, and by suing him for libel, Mr. Barnes all but pushed the war off the front page of newspapers in every part of the United States. It is said of the courtroom at Syracuse that the prearranged accommodations for reporters were flawless; likewise, the facilities for telegraphing.

Mr. Barnes, by his amazing course—amazing, that is, in a practical newspaper man—rendered the spectacular gentleman a service which money by the bundle could not have bought. He served as impresario, press agent, and stage manager. He even "worked the lights";

and what lights they were, and how the spectacular gentleman reveled in them! The spectacular gentleman is a judge of spotlights, and not since a certain army transport landed him at Montauk in the late summer of 1898, and he pranced down a gangplank declaring his feelings to be comparable only to those of a bull-moose, had he basked in such a spotlight as that which Mr. Barnes, his "enemy," provided for him. That spotlight still envelopes him. He will not move out of the magic circle. And though Mr. Barnes turned the light on, knowingly and wilfully, he, alas, cannot turn it off. It could have been done once, but it is too late now.

And next prepare for the most incredible thing of all. It is said that Mr. Barnes is not satisfied; that he plans to appeal the case, and before a higher tribunal thresh it out all over again. Mr. Barnes should seek the nearest reputable school of journalism and learn the first principles of his business.

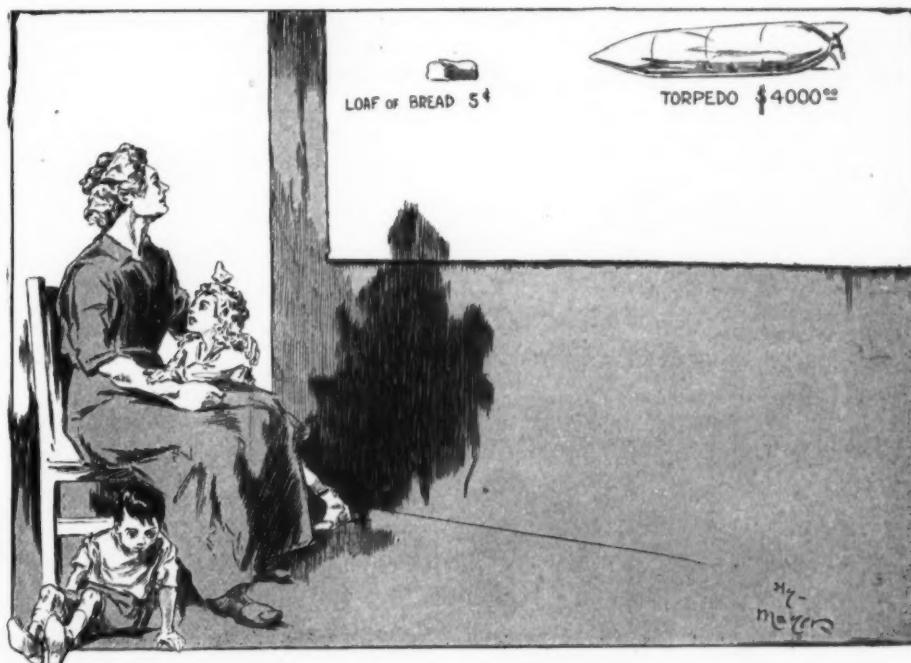
"The dreamy, easy life in Hawaii interested me a lot more than Europe's troubles."

Uncle Joe.

Alas, the poor remnant of Cannonism!

Dr. Pease, uncompromising foe of tobacco, declares that cattle cars are sweeter and cleaner than smoking cars. It looks as though Dr. Pease had once been a commuter on the — Oh, finish it yourself!

Now that gas has become a factor in warfare, it is difficult to see how the Hon. Richmond Pearson Hobson can be kept away from the firing line.



A STUDY IN VALUES



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

The Feminists, who wish to see
The bonds of sex elided,
Have donned the petticoatalet
Which keeps them well divided.
An all-night moving-picture film
Is Gotham's last attainment—
We now may keep
The hours of sleep
In pleasant entertainment.



The Baseball Purifying League
Implored the sporting tribesmen
To exercise the English tongue—
“Aw, cheese it!” said the scribesmen.
Indeed, we doubt if sport could live
In common classic phrases—
It is the tang
Of native slang
That garbles and amazes.

The Reno ladies voted for
A damp administration—
We take it that a divorcee
Needs some exhilaration.
It is a misdemeanor now
To wear a gun for pleasure;
Chas. Whitman's reign
Is causing pain,
And aren't the Yanks a treasure?

Protection for our Poetry
Was asked by Boston's rimmers—
They say the trade is overstocked
With literary climbers.
The European fever seems
To rage without restriction—
The Battle Bee
Stung Italy,
And Dernburg ceased his fiction.

A record crop of strawberries
Relieved the country's tension;
Will. Sundy had a tooth removed,
Which gained him honored mention.
The culinary calory
Has caused a hot discussion;
The Kaiser's cause
Ignores the laws,
In manner sweetly Prussian.

The Wifey Trust has shown the world
Just how to carve a chicken;
The submarine first sinks its ship
And then grows conscience-stricken.
The Futurists have set their art
To discords most untuneful;
Of love affairs
The summer lairs
Are having quite a spoonful.

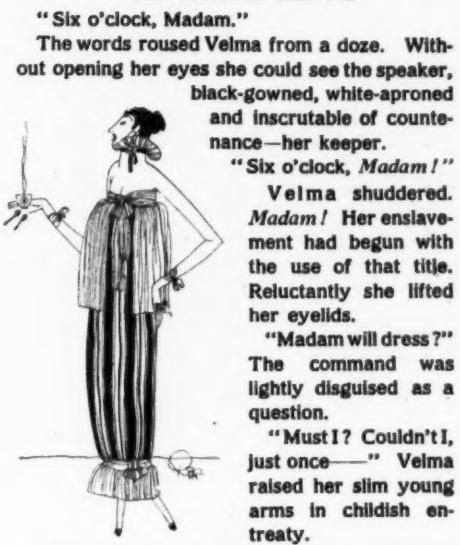


'Tis said, and most ungallantly,
That maids are old at thirty;
The Colonel eyed the G. O. P.
With glance distinctly flirty.
The Smart Set has gone into stripes—
P. S.—For bathing only;
The sea-snake wheeze
Is on the breeze,
And aren't we peace-folk lonely?



Puck

THE WHITE SLAVE



"Six o'clock, Madam."

The words roused Velma from a doze. Without opening her eyes she could see the speaker, black-gowned, white-aproned and inscrutable of countenance—her keeper.

"Six o'clock, Madam!"

Velma shuddered.

Madam! Her enslavement had begun with the use of that title. Reluctantly she lifted her eyelids.

"Madam will dress?"

The command was lightly disguised as a question.

"Must I? Couldn't I, just once—" Velma raised her slim young arms in childish treaty.

The woman in black shrugged her shoulders. Apathetically Madam submitted to the grooming and gowing which, for one in her position, is unescapable. The woman brought and put upon the yielding figure lingerie sheer and fine, which no sewing machine had ever touched; and stockings of a gossamer texture that a spider might envy. Her hands were manicured, her cheeks gently massaged to give them color, and her hair so dressed as to frame most becomingly the lovely face.

"What gown will Madam wear?" asked the woman, when all else had been done.

"Choose for me, Mignon."

"Madam is pale to-night," advised Mignon, fetching a pale blue and silver creation. "Too much color in the gown would make her ghostly."

"I'm so tired, so sick of it all," explained Velma, while her exquisite shoulders were being powdered. Moved by a fancied gleam of pity in the woman's eyes, she added: "You have seen much of the world, Mignon. Is there no way out? This wretched life is killing me."

Mignon was saved the embarrassment of answering by a rap on the door.

"Here minute, Mignon," called a man's voice from the outside. "Do your best with her to-night, Mignon," ordered the man who signed her wage checks, as she stepped into the hall and closed the door. "There are, well—special reasons."

"Yes, sir," promised Mignon. But as he passed down the hall she hissed two very uncomplimentary names.

"Madam is lovely to-night," declared Mignon, contemplating her finished work with satisfaction.

Again Velma imagined that she caught a flicker of pity in her keeper's eyes. "Mignon," she whispered, timidly touching the black sleeve, "can't you beg off for me this time? Say that I'm ill, or something." With dripping lashes and quivering lip she waited.

"Madam will redder her eyes," warned Mignon, using a harsh tone to steady the girl, and also to hide her own emotion.

Rebuffed, Velma wiped the mist away and went down to meet what she had met last night, and, it seemed to her, a million nights before that.

When she entered the splendid Empire drawing-room a huge, dark visaged man surveyed her critically and grunted approval.

"Martin," she cried piteously, "I can't go through with it this evening."

"You've got to," he coldly replied. "That's what you're here for. And," he snarled menacingly, "smile on Clarkson! I need him on my Board of Directors."

So—she was smiling sweetly when the butler announced the first of the dinner guests. For such is modern society.



ART VERSUS COMMERCE

POET'S WIFE: Ah, Gerald, if the publishers would only pay you as well for your poems as the tobacco men do for your testimonials, we would be on Easy Street!

I. M. THERE

Biography of a Great Author

Talk about your great literary men of a hundred years ago! Why, they were all pikers! Tell me, now, what literary man a hundred years ago could present a biography like this one?

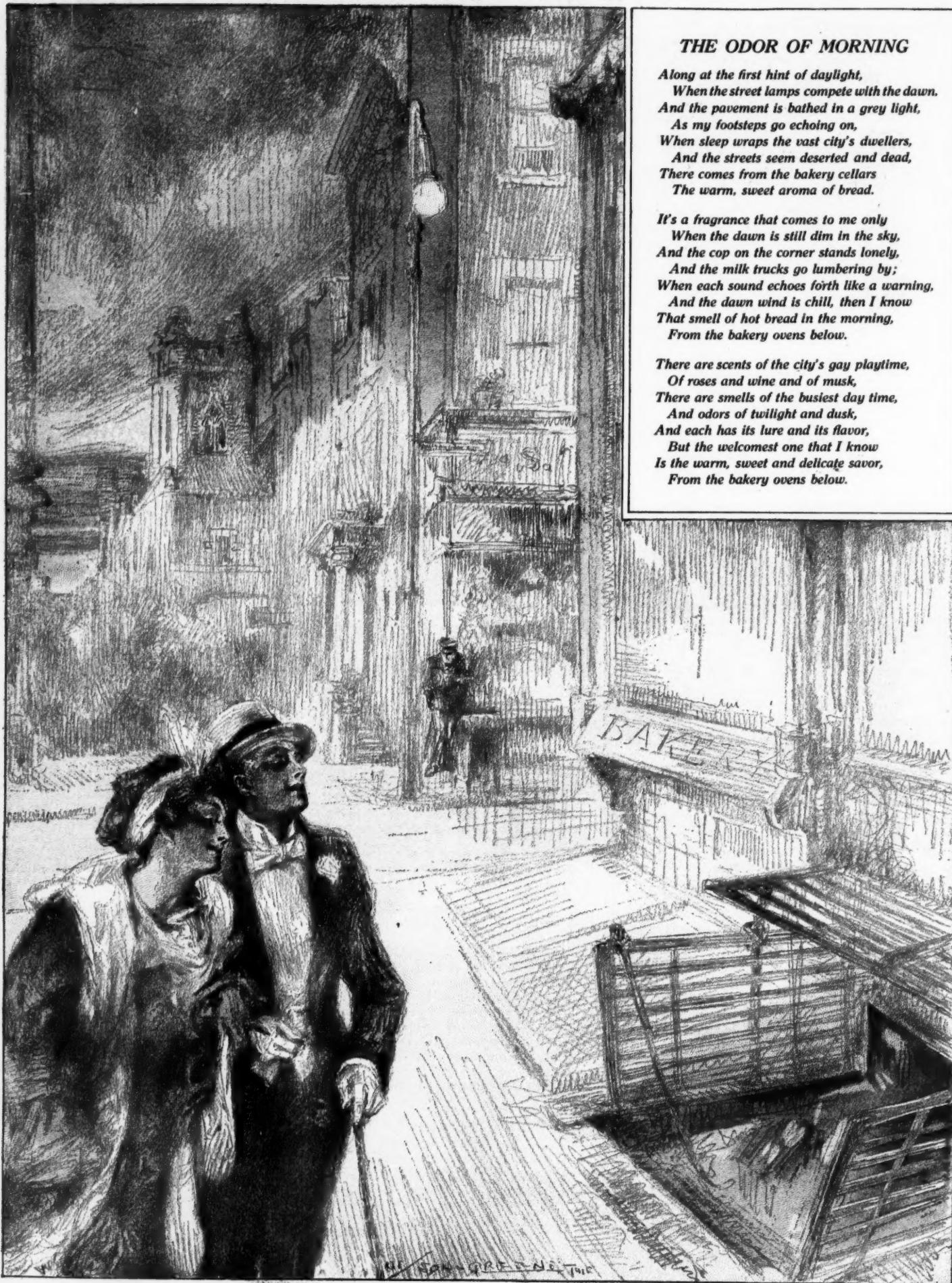
- 1-18. Lived without any indication of his great genius.
18. His genius first exhibited by his taking to strong drink, or morphine, or opium, or forgery, or white-slavery.
- 18-25. Lived unrepentant, getting information at first hand, in the clutches of the Demon Rum, or Dope, or Crime, or Immorality.
25. Lived repenting in a Sanitarium, or Asylum, or Jail, or Penitentiary.
- 26-30. Stoked boilers, sailed the Pacific, tramped Europe, dug Alaska, held revival meetings, or ran a mail-order house.
31. Wrote a lyric to "Spring," thus exhibiting untold originality (especially in spelling).
32. Took a correspondence course in "How to Write."
33. Wrote a realistic novel on the effects of drink, or morphine, or opium, or forgery, or white-slavery.
34. Taken up by society as its pet.
35. Wrote a society novel—\$50,000 net.
36. Wrote a second society novel—\$100,000 net.
37. Wrote a third society novel. Bought summer home in the mountains. Called it "Great Scott," to show his appreciation of the man that wrote "As You Like It."
38. Wrote two more society novels. Bought a yacht. Christened it with a bottle of grape juice and called it "Berenice," in due honor to Cervantes, who, you must know, fought a windmill and went to Hell.
39. Wrote four society novels. Bought a little place on a creek in Florida. Called it "Quo Vadis," in recognition of Cicero, whose famous speech of that name he kept always before him.
40. Wrote six society novels. Bought a thousand-dollar cow, which he called "Leche," using the mellifluous Greek term because of its sweet poetic significance.
- 41-50. Rested briefly to recuperate from his Herculean labors of the past. Acquired a wife, whom he affectionately called "ma cherry," after the pleasing manner of the Germans.
- 51-60. Entertained "ma cherry," and cut coupons. Relieved "ma cherry" by his demise, his last words being: "If my works but live, I care not that I die. Like the inimitable Mark Twain, author of 'Who's Who'; like Bernard Shaw, the writer of 'Maternity'; like Ibsen, who wrote 'The Lame Duck' and 'The Leg of Youth'—I repeat, if my works but last, I don't give a damn."



THE BOLD THING!

MRS. PEEWEE: Richard Henry Peewee! You come right away from there or I'll get a divorce!

Buck



Drawing by Nelson Greene

THE ODOR OF MORNING

Along at the first hint of daylight,
When the street lamps compete with the dawn.
And the pavement is bathed in a grey light,
As my footsteps go echoing on,
When sleep wraps the vast city's dwellers,
And the streets seem deserted and dead,
There comes from the bakery cellars
The warm, sweet aroma of bread.

It's a fragrance that comes to me only
When the dawn is still dim in the sky,
And the cop on the corner stands lonely,
And the milk trucks go lumbering by;
When each sound echoes forth like a warning,
And the dawn wind is chill, then I know
That smell of hot bread in the morning,
From the bakery ovens below.

There are scents of the city's gay playtime,
Of roses and wine and of musk,
There are smells of the busiest day time,
And odors of twilight and dusk,
And each has its lure and its flavor,
But the welcomest one that I know
Is the warm, sweet and delicate savor,
From the bakery ovens below.

Verses by Berton Braley



THE WINNING OF HILL NO. 60

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

When the war broke out, Williams stopped going out to dinners or to the country for weekends and went in for war maps. His collection of newspaper sketch maps today is probably



the richest in existence, and I doubt whether there is any one on the German Staff who knows as much about the region between the lower Pilica and the upper Rawka. He carries them about in his pockets, he spends his Sundays making maps of his own, and occasionally when

Mrs. Williams insists on having someone come up to see them on One Hundred and Twenty-third Street near Amsterdam Avenue, Williams draws a map illustrating the route from the Subway station at One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, across the Columbia Campus, and thence north along Amsterdam Avenue for a distance of 800 metres. When the Miners asked the Williams family to come out for dinner on Sunday, Williams would have refused but Mrs. Williams put her foot down.

"There are two trains," said Miner. "One gets there about eleven. Try to make that and we can have a walk before dinner. The other is 12:43. If you decide now I'll meet you."

Mrs. Williams thought she'd love to make the earlier train but couldn't be certain, but they would find their own way.

"When you get off the train," said Miner, "you take a trolley and ride about ten minutes to White Hill Road. You get off and turn to the right, past the church, until you come to the golf links. I'll tell you what—I'll draw you a map."

"We'll be sure to come," said Williams.

"Here," said Miner, "is White Hill Road. This triangle is the church. You walk across the links till you come to the sixth tee, and on your right you'll see a red barn on a hill. This is it. You'll keep straight on and when you get to the next hill you can see our house."

"That looks remarkably like the German salient at St. Mihiel," said Williams, and put the map into his vest pocket.

They caught the earlier train on Sunday and had a choice of seats.

"Which will be the sunny side?" said Mrs. Williams.

"It's the forenoon and the sun will be on the east," said Williams, and hesitated. If he could only turn and face north he would know that the east was on his right. But there were no wind-vanes in the train-shed, and it involved an elaborate calculation. He recalled that they were in Hoboken on the west bank of the Hudson, and that the train-shed pointed due west. So east would be behind them, and to keep it on their right hand they would have to sit sideways in the aisle, which was manifestly absurd. Then he recalled that the train, as soon as it left the shed, would turn north, since that was the way Allendune lay, and the east would therefore be on their right hand. They sat down and when the train was well under way they had to change seats after all.

At Allendune they took the trolley, and before they reached White Hill Road Williams pulled out the map from his vest pocket and found that it was a map of the German salient around St. Mihiel. He explained that Miner's map was in his other clothes, but that they wouldn't have much difficulty in locating the Miner's place. All they had to do, he said, was to find the church, which, as a matter of fact, was only a few minutes down the road and in sight. Using that as a base, the next problem was to secure possession of the crest of a height from which they might obtain a commanding view of the entire terrain and the lines of communication. The only difficulty was that the church lay in a hollow, and there were several hills of approximately the same height—about fifty feet, or twenty metres as Williams estimated to himself. Williams suggested that any one hill might offer a suitable *point d'appui*.

"Here's a house," said Mrs. Williams, "and they probably have a telephone. We'll call up the Miners and he will come for us."

It was humiliating, but as it turned out there was no one at home and the house was locked, front door and back. The people were either

at church or on the golf links, probably the latter. Williams said afterwards that it would have been a comparatively simple problem to climb a tree and from that make his way to the porch roof, and so in by a window to the telephone. But here a dog began to bark and his reserves, by which he meant Mrs. Williams, broke and retreated to the road slamming the gate and calling imperatively on the first line of attack to rejoin her.

So they picked out a hill at random. Williams said that twenty metres may sound little, but at 11:30 a.m. in June the ascent involves considerable exertion. The barb-wire at the foot of the hill was bad enough—Williams pressed down the bottom strand with his foot and stretched the uppermost strand as high as it would go, and Mrs. Williams climbed through after removing her hat—but the slope of the hill had sharp edged stones and there were holes. The last ten feet Williams said they covered with magnificent *elan*, and just beyond there was a red flag. It was the seventeenth green, and near it was the second tee. The second hole was 260 metres, what people would call an easy four, and Williams said they covered the distance in a desperate advance of ten minutes, Mrs. Williams displaying special fortitude in forcing the passage of a water hazard on a plank while Williams held down the *tete de pont* on the other bank with his foot. The third tee was not in sight, but inquiry from a florid gentleman whom Williams set down as well beyond the Landsturm age brought the information that you crossed the road and climbed the hill on the other side.

The winning of Hill No. 60, as Williams called it, was achieved only after a supreme effort. When the crest was gained they looked out on a well-wooded country admirably adapted for taking shelter, crossed by the narrowest of fairways heavily covered with foursomes. The flying golf balls had badly shaken the nerves of the Williams reserves before this. Here she rose in open mutiny and refused to budge a step. It seemed as if they would have to dig in for the winter and stay there, but just then they were hailed from the road to the left which Williams had not taken notice of. It was the Miners in a car.

STREET CRIES OF A CENTURY AGO

No. 2

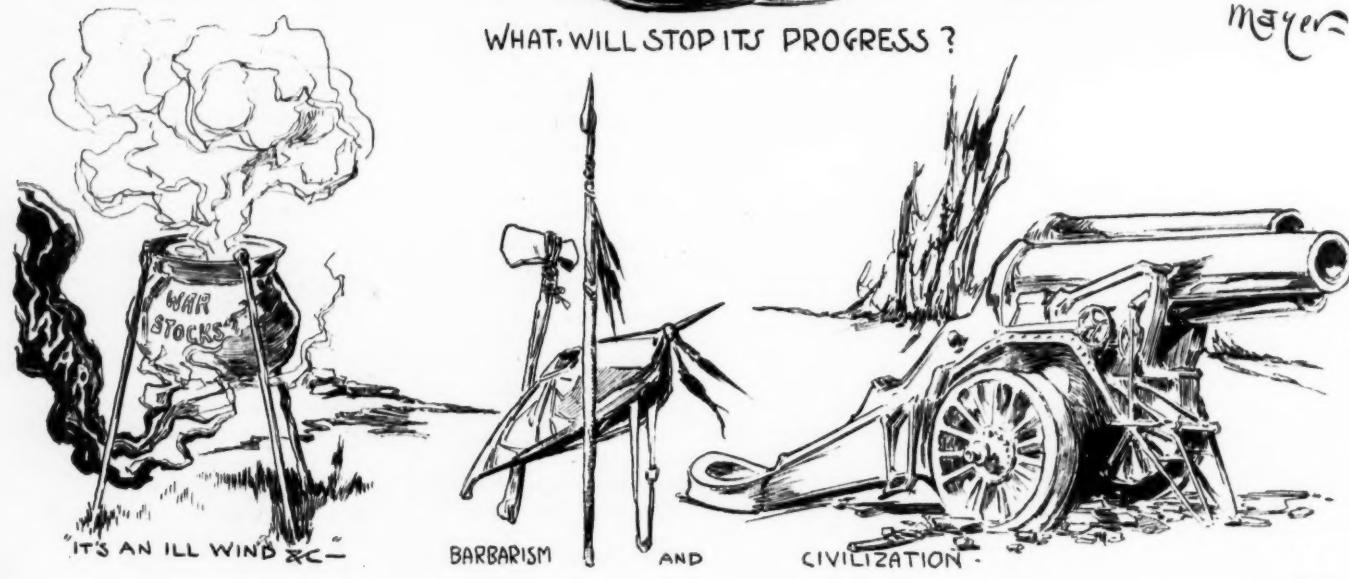


STRAWBERRIES.

Sixpence a potte! fine Strawberries!
Strawberries, sixpence
A potte, so nice,
That surely you will not
Begrudge, man, the price.
Of treat more delicious
Could epicure dream,
Than these large Strawberries
With sugar and cream.

From "The Infant's Library," published in New York in 1890

Buck



HYMAYEROGLYPHICS

Ruck



TWICE-TOLD TALES

DAUGHTER DIALOGUES—IV

(Miss Inquisitive is riding down-town in father's limousine when, in passing a theatre, a sudden inspiration strikes her.)



MISS INQUISITIVE:
Father.

FOND MALE PARENT:
Yes, daughter?

M. I.: Let's go to the theatre to-night.

F. M. P.: Certainly, daughter; we'll get tickets at once and surprise mother.

M. I.: Tell James to stop, then; we've just passed the theatre.

F. M. P.: Oh, you never get seats there, daughter.

M. I.: Doesn't the theatre man sell any seats, father?

F. M. P.: No, indeed, daughter; only a few seats 'way back in the gallery.

M. I.: Are they expensive tickets?

F. M. P.: No; they are the lowest priced seats in the house, daughter.

M. I.: But, father, where do we buy our tickets?

F. M. P.: Well, we'll get our tickets at the St. Vitus, where they have nice seats.

M. I.: That's a hotel, father, isn't it?

F. M. P.: Yes, daughter.

M. I.: Does the man at the hotel own the theatre, too?

F. M. P.: No, he only sells tickets for the theatre man.

M. I.: Does he always have the theatre man's best seats, father?

F. M. P.: Yes, daughter; you see, nobody ever goes to the theatre man's office for tickets, so he lets the hotel man sell his good seats for him.

M. I.: Father, how much does the man in the hotel charge for his tickets?

F. M. P.: Anything he can get, daughter. Sometimes three dollars, other times more.

M. I.: But, father, I heard mother tell Aunt Mary that theatre tickets cost only two dollars.

F. M. P.: I know, daughter, that's the price printed on them, but they're never sold at that.

M. I.: Well, then, who gets the difference when the hotel man sells them for three dollars?

F. M. P.: No one has ever been able to find out, daughter.

(Miss Inquisitive subsides as Fond Male Parent alights, enters St. Vitus, and returns with three pasteboards and the ruins of a twenty-dollar bill.)

M. I.: Father, what would happen if we went right up to the theatre and tried to get tickets for to-night?

M. P. (retreating behind his paper): There, there, daughter; don't talk about impossible things.



STICKING AROUND

THE PUP: I've got a hunch this chap is going to a beefsteak dinner.

THE GROWTH OF FLOWERS

Foreword.—Everyone has heard with more or less astonishment the tales of travelers in India regarding some wonderful yogi, who, after planting an infinitesimal seed in the ground, has contrived to produce a plant of respectable size in quick order.

Effect.—An ordinary flower-pot is shown half filled with mould. Some seed is planted and copiously watered. Then, to engender a little warmth, a borrowed handkerchief is thrown over the top of the pot. Almost immediately the handkerchief is seen to move upwards, and in a very short time a complete plant is grown, standing some two feet in height and covered with leaves. *This whilst the performer is amongst the audience, and without any assistance whatsoever.*

Explanation.—Place the flower-pot on a seat in a Broadway theatre. Then go abroad, bring back a German actor (say one from the Kleines Theatre of Berlin) and let him act on the stage of the Broadway theatre containing the seat on which the flower-pot has been deposited. Immediately the German actor starts acting, the plant, unable longer to suppress its astonishment and curiosity over the presence of a real actor on a Broadway stage, will pop out to its full height to witness the rare phenomenon.

PERFECTLY PARDONABLE

"Have women the strength of mind to conduct themselves in politics like men? Could a woman, like Caesar, have refused the crown?"

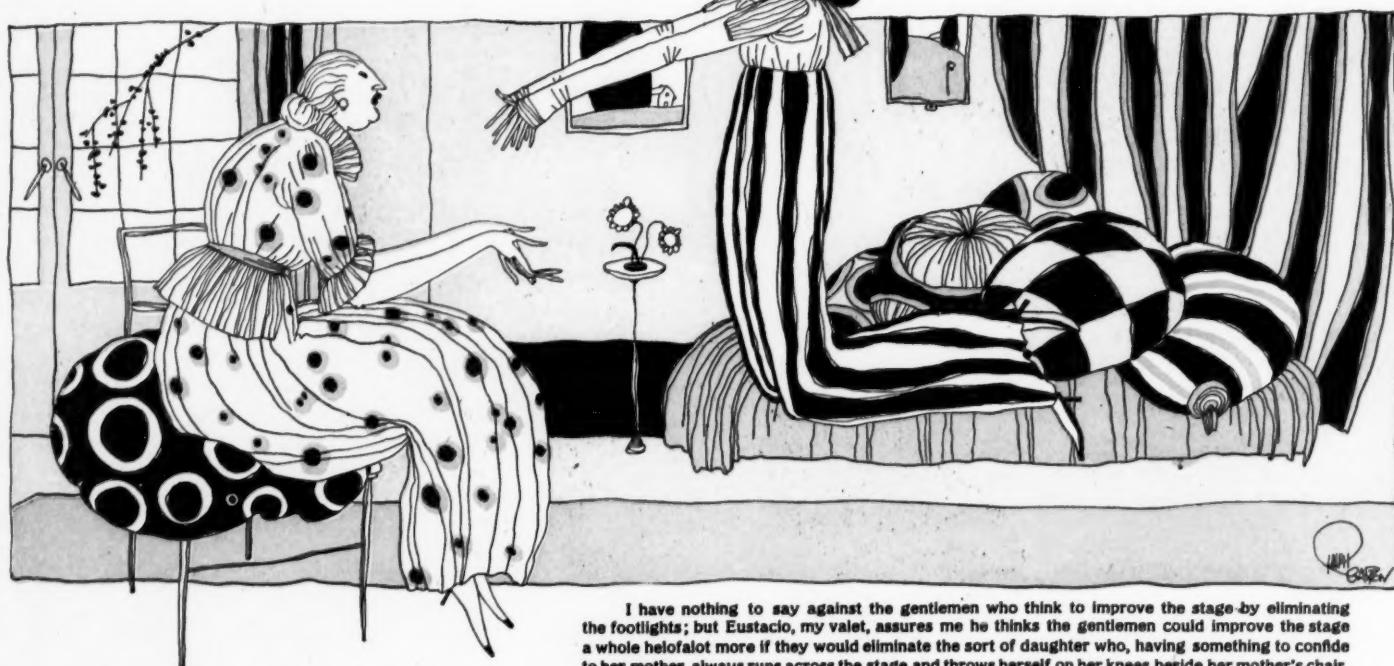
"I think so," said the lady addressed. "Of course, she might have tried it on, just to see if it was a fit."

Liabilities are what you can't pay;
assets are what you can't collect.

The Puppet Shop

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Illustrations by RALPH BARTON



I have nothing to say against the gentlemen who think to improve the stage-by eliminating the footlights; but Eustacio, my valet, assures me he thinks the gentlemen could improve the stage a whole helofoalot more if they would eliminate the sort of daughter who, having something to confide to her mother, always runs across the stage and throws herself on her knees beside her mother's chair.

Whether or not you regard Margaret Mayo as our most praiseworthy playwright does not especially matter. But you must admit she has at least a couple of indisputable claims to the title.

Her last two plays have been over at twenty minutes to eleven.



When a male matinee idol grows old, there is no hope for him; his theatrical day is done. When a female matinee idol grows old, there is yet hope for her; she may still become an ingenue.

A great dramatic critic, as a theatrical manager sees it, is one who is able to refrain from venting his personal feelings when his artistic feelings have been outraged by a spectacle of ignorance, illiteracy, claptrap and pish. A great theatrical manager, as a theatrical manager sees it, is a theatrical manager who sees it.

Melodrama.—The theory that life is exciting.

Ike Leffelbaum and Jake Biffleburg, two Broadway theatrical managers upon a summer vacation, were having their first look at the great Desert of Sahara. The vast emptiness worked upon them, and for a long time they stood there, awed and still and wordless. At length, Jake Biffleburg spoke. Spake Jake Biffleburg: "Some guy must 'a' been around here a little while ago and announced an performance of Ibsen." You think, dear reader, you see the joke, do you? Well, dear reader, you don't. The joke is that Jake Biffleburg never heard of Ibsen.

Imagination

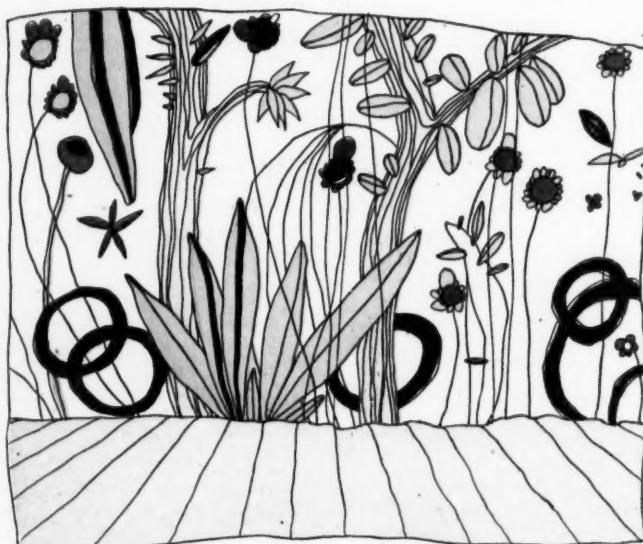
If you believe, somewhat bravely, that you are blessed with a good theatrical imagination, try it on the following:

1. A stage doctor who does not wear a cut-away.
2. A juvenile who does not periodically button and unbutton the lower button of his coat.
3. A library scene in which a character is ever caught reading.

Theatrical manager: artist :: artist's model: artist.*

*Ninety years old.

The Gerry Society.—An organization which, by preventing children predisposed to become actors from following their inclination, hopes thereby in due time to preserve the drama.



IMPRESSIONISTIC SCENERY

May be defined as scenery which gives the impression that somebody is trying to save money.

No critic who has ever studied intelligently the theatre of Germany can doubt its superiority to the theatre of France, England and America. You may list Craig against Reinhardt if you choose, you may balance Brieux against Wedekind, you may set Shaw and Pinter against Hauptmann and Sudermann, you may proclaim the directing hand of Granville Barker over the directing hand of Victor Barnowsky, you may poise Otis Skinner against Heinrich Schroth, Mrs. Fiske against Else Heims, Martin Harvey against Wilhelm Diegelmann and Irene Vanbrugh against Fraulein Marberg, you may proclaim the Kingsway or the Renaissance over the Wiesbaden Hoftheater or the Kolnstadttheater, but I challenge you to name a single theatre anywhere in the world where, like at the Koniggratzerstrasse in Berlin, you can, in the lobby between the acts, get a big glass of Pilsner and a cheese sandwich for six cents!



A theatre ticket today costs two dollars. This is believed by some absurd persons to be altogether too high a price. For such persons, let it be set down that the theatrical manager in all fairness justifies the admission fee in this way:

(a). The elimination of the old union theatre orchestra is worth at least fifty cents.

(b). Three intermissions amounting generally to a total of twenty-five minutes are worth at least seventy-five cents.

(c). The comparatively recent widespread institution of the small cast play, with the consequent reduction of the number of bad actors that

a theatregoer has to watch, ought to be worth at least another fifty cents.

(d). The seating of late arrivals during the first act, a practice thoroughly endorsed by the manager, causes the theatregoer to miss much of the dialogue of the first act. This ought to be worth another quarter to the ticket purchaser.

This, plainly enough, amounts to two dollars.

It is one of the cardinal irritations of the dramatic critic that his profession calls upon him continually to make use of words which possess so few synonyms that his writings become tedious with endless repetitions. Such words as "play," "acting," "interesting," and the like—words that pop up with insistent regularity—have a mere fistful of substitutes, or seem to have, as readers of the current dramatic criticisms must appreciate. In order to assist my colleagues, I append a few new, and not untoothsome, critical words which may tend to freshen up their essays:

1. Word to describe a play which is sad and tearful: *sniffle sonata*.
2. Word to describe a bride who has been outraged by her husband: a bride who has been *brieuxed*.
3. Word to describe a bad actor: *an actor*.
4. Word to describe a ridiculous drama which purports to be serious: a *snicker-brewery*.
5. Word to describe a mediocre play soaked in religious atmosphere in order to capture the money of the public: a *collection-plate*.
6. Word to describe an unsuccessful attempt on the part of the villain to seduce the leading lady: say he attempted to *sardou* her.
7. Synonym for happy ending: *coca-coda*.
8. Synonym for emotional actress: *nasal acrobat*.
9. Synonym for star: *centre-fielder*.
10. Word to describe Broadway drama: there is none.

Dramatic criticism, as in the main it is practised by the reviewers on the staffs of our daily newspapers, may be divided into three classes:

First, the class that imagines that an hour is sufficient time in which to review a play upon which a celebrated Broadway playwright has labored carefully and diligently for many months—maybe, indeed, for a year or more.

Second, the class that imagines that half an hour is sufficient time in which to review a play upon which a celebrated Broadway playwright has labored carefully and diligently for many months—maybe, indeed, for a year or more.

And third, the class that imagines that less than half an hour is sufficient time in which to review a play upon which a celebrated Broadway playwright has labored carefully and diligently for many months—maybe, indeed, for a year or more.

How may one view with so much as an iota of respect such an academy of criticism? Of the three classes designated, the only one remotely worthy of the consideration of a gentleman and a scholar is the third—and even that is about fifteen minutes out of the way.



From the Winter Exhibition,
National Academy of Design

PAINTED BY A. KANOVITCH

FALLING PETALS



THE SEVEN ARTS BY JAMES HVNEKER

Barney in the Box-Office

First Scene. It is snowing on the Strand. Not an American actor is in sight, though voices are wafted occasionally from the bar of the Cecil (remember this is a play, and the unusual is bound to happen). In front of the newly-built theatre of Arts, Shaw, and Science, two figures stand as if gazing at the brilliantly-lighted facade. The doors are wide open, a thin and bearded man sits smiling and talking to himself in the box-office. His whiskers are as sandy as his wit. The pair outside regard him suspiciously. Both are tiny fellows, one clean-shaven, the other wearing elaborately-arranged hair on his face. They are the two Maxes—Nordau and Beerbohm. Says Nordau:

"Isn't that Bernard in the booking-office?" "By jove, it is, let's go in." "Hasn't he a new play on?" "I can't say. I'm only a critic of the drayma." "No cynicism, Max," urges Nordau. They approach. In unanimous flakes the snow falls. It is very cold. Cries Bernard on recognizing them:

"Hi there, skip! To-night free list is suspended. I'm giving my annual feast in the cave of culture of the modern idols, in one scene. No one may enter, least of all you, Nordau, or you, Sir Critic." "Why, what's up, George?" asks in a pleading mid-Victorian timbre, the little Beerbohm. "Back to the woods, both of you!" commands George, who has read both Mark Twain and Oliver Herford. "Besides," he confidentially adds, "you surely don't wish to go to a play in which your old friends Ibsen and Nietzsche are to be on view." "On view!" quoth the author of "Degeneration." "Yes, visible on a short furlough from Sheol, for one night only. My benefit. Step up ladies and gentlemen. A few seats left. The greatest show on earth. I'm in it. Lively, please!" A mob rushes in. The two Maxes fade into the snow, but in the eyes of one there is a malicious glitter. "I'm no Beerbohm," he murmurs, "if I can't get into a theatre without paying." Nordau doesn't heed him. They part. The night closes in, and only the musical rattle of the bangles on Beerbohm's wrist is heard.

The Cave of Culture

Second Scene. On the stage of the theatre there are two long tables. The scene is set as if for a banquet. The curtain is down. Some men walk about conversing—some calmly, some feverishly. Several are sitting. The lighting is feeble. However, may be discerned several familiar figures; Victor Hugo solemnly speaking to Charles Baudelaire—who shivers (*un nouveau frisson*); Flaubert in a corner roaring at Sainte-Beuve—the old row over "Salammbo" is on again. Richard Strauss is pulling at the velvet coat-tails of Richard Wagner, without attracting his attention. The Master, in company with nearly all the others, is staring at a large clock against the back-drop. "Listen for the Parsifal chimes," he says, delight playing over his rugged features. "Ape of the ideal," booms a deep voice hard by. It is that of Nietzsche, whose moustaches droop in Polish cavalier style.

"Herrgot! If those two Dutchmen quarrel over the virility of Parsifal I'm going away." The speaker is Tolstoy, attired in his newest Moujik costume, top boots and all. In his left hand he holds a spade. "To table, gentlemen!" It is the jolly voice of the Irish Ibsen, G. B. S. Lights flare up. Without is heard the brumming of the audience, an orchestra softly plays motives from "Pelleas et Melisande." Wagner wipes his spectacles, and Maurice Maeterlinck crushes a block of Belgian oaths between his powerful teeth. But Debussy doesn't appear to notice either man. He languidly strikes his soup spoon on a silver salt-cellars and

immediately jots down musical notation. "The correspondences of nuances," he sings to his neighbor, who happens to be Whistler. "The correspondence of fudge," retorts James. "D'y'e think I'm interested in wall-paper music? Oh, Lil'lbulero!" All are now seated. With his accustomed lingual dexterity Mr. Shaw says grace, calling down a blessing upon the papier-mache fowls and the pink stage-tea from what he describes as a "gaseous invertebrate god"—he has read Haeckel—and winds up with a few brilliant heartless remarks:

"I wish you gentlemen, ghosts, idols, gods, and demi-gods, alive or dead, to remember that you are assembled here this evening to honor me. Without me, and my books and plays, you would, all of you, be dead in earnest—dead literature as well as dead bones. As for the living, I'll have a shy at you some day. I'm not fond of Maeterlinck. ("Hear, hear!" comes from Debussy's mystic beard.) As for you, Maurice, I can beat you down at bettering Shakespeare, and, for Richard Strauss—well, I've never tried orchestration, but I'm sure I'd succeed as well as you——"

"Oh, please, won't someone give me a roast-beef sandwich! In Russia I daren't eat meat on account of my disciples there and in England——" It is Tolstoy who speaks. G. B. S. fixes him with an indignant look, he, the prince of vegetarians: "Give him some salt, he needs salting." In tears, Tolstoy resumes his reading of the confessions of Huysmans. The band, on the other side of the curtain, swings into the "Kaisermarch." "Stop them! Stop it!" screams Wagner. "I'm a Social-Democrat now. I wrote that march when I was a Monarchist." This was the chance for Nietzsche. Drawing up his tall, lanky figure, he began: "You mean Herr Geyer—to give you your real name—you wrote it for money. You mean, Richard Geyer, that you cut your musical coat to suit your snobbish cloth. You mean, the Wagner you never were, that you wrote your various operas—which you call music-dramas—to flatter your various patrons. Parsifal for the decadent King Ludwig——"

"Pardieu! this is too much." Manet's blond beard wagged with rage. "Have we assembled this night to fight over ancient treacheries, or are we met to do honor to the only man in England, and an Irishman at that, who, in his plays, has kept alive the ideas of Ibsen, Nietzsche, Wagner? As for me, I don't need such booming. I'm a modest man. I'm a painter." "Hein! You a painter!" Sitting alone, Gerome discloses spiteful intonations in his voice. "Yes, a painter," hotly replies Manet. "And I'm in the Louvre, my Olympe——" "All the worse for the Louvre," sneers Gerome. The two men would have been at each other's throat if someone from the Land of the Midnight Whiskers hadn't intervened. It was Henrik Ibsen.

"Children," he remarks, in a strong German-Norwegian brogue, "please to remember my dignity if not your own. Long before Max Stirner——" Nietzsche interrupted: "There never was such a person." Ibsen calmly continued, "I wrote that 'my truth is the truth.' And when I see such so-called great men acting like children, I regret having left my cool tomb in Norway. But where are the English dramatists, our confreres? Ask the master of the revels." Ibsen sat down. Shaw pops in his head at a practicable door.

"Who calls?"

"We wish to know why our brethren, the English playwrights, are not bidden to meet us?" said Maeterlinck, after gravely bowing to Ibsen. Smiling beatifically, St. Bernard replied:

"Because there ain't no sich thing as an English dramatist. The only English dramatist is Irish." He disappears. Ensues a lively argument. "He may be right," exclaims Maeterlinck, yet I seem to have heard of

(Continued on page 20)

Puck



By DANNENBERG

WAR VICTIMS

AMERICAN TOURIST: So this is America!

BALLADE OF ANNETTE

By Richard Le Gallienne

'Tis not for me to doubt her wonder,
I quite believe each word you say;
In fact, I think you rather under-
Than over-praise your "fiancee";
'Tis no mere compliment I pay,
In her, I see, all charms are met,
As lovely as the month of May:
But tell me—have you seen Annette?

A beauty without blot or blunder,
A thing of dew and dawn and spray;
A dove high up against the thunder
Were not so white and far away;
Her face—well, you just want to pray!
Too lovely to believe, and yet
A woman—woman all the way:
Ah! tell me—have you seen Annette?

ENVOI

Prince, should you see her—lack-a-day!
Deep in your castle's oblique
Were I—she is so fair a preg:
Ah! tell me—have you seen Annette?

The wild bees, weighted down with plunder,
Wise in all blossom, even they
Find no flower like her lips asunder;
And who should in her bosom stray,
And taste that honey, falleth fey
Forever—ne'er shall he forget
The sweetness till his dying day:
Ah! tell me—have you seen Annette?

EXTRACTS FROM A NEWSPAPER DICTIONARY

Lurid Flames.—Something seen in the skies.
Medical Attention.—What the injured man refused. (See *lacerations*.)

Obvious Reasons.—The thing for which the informant's identity must be kept secret. (See *close to the administration*.)

Stubborn Blaze.—Any fire. (See *gutted*.)

Thrilling Rescue.—Something effected by Patrolmen Michael O'Hara and John Flynn. (See *human ladder*.)

Citizen's Clothes.—What the detectives wore.

Comanches.—What the crowd was yelling like.

White Charmeuse.—What the bride wore. (See *arm of her father*.)

Calm Resignation.—What the defendant received the verdict with. (See *crowded courtroom*.)

Capacity.—Something that is taxed.

Clump of Bushes.—What the body was found in. (See *face downward*.)

Coveted Pasteboards.—What the crowd stood in line for. (See *ticket speculator*.)

Human Derelict.—Any down-and-out.

Verge of Collapse.—What the prisoner is on.



SOCIALLY SPEAKING

"Awfully glad to run across you, old dear! So seldom one sees a soul in the subway as late as six o'clock."

REDUCING

"Heavyweight says he is taking anti-fat."

"Is it doing him any good?"

"Well, his hair seems to be getting thinner."

TRENCHANT REMARK

"Begorra," remarked Private Skids, as he put his head above the trench and a bullet whizzed past, "it's aisy to understand that the more a man looks 'round in this war, the less he's likely to see!"

A LITTLE STORY OF CONTENTMENT



THE BOY: I'll be happy when I'm a man.

THE MAN: I was happy when I was a boy.

THE HOG: I am happy now.

Puck

INTERIOR DESPERATION

It is easy nowadays to get advice on how to arrange your home. The Woman's Page in any newspaper will tell you just how your living-room ought to look, just how your hallway may be beautified, and just how your kitchen may be transformed into a scientific laboratory. Scores of books by experts on the subject undertake to instruct you how to change your home from a place to live in to a work of art.

Realizing that *my* abode needed a little toning-up along modern aesthetic lines, I consulted a book called "The Dwelling Beautiful," which I had been informed would give me just the help I needed. "It is not necessary that your furniture, rugs, hangings, and pictures be *expensive*," says the author, reassuringly. "The only essential is that they be beautiful in themselves and in restful accord with each other."

Pray, gentle writer, did you ever see my belongings? Did you ever see the marble-and-walnut parlor table that Aunt Jessamine gave me; or the streakily-stained Mission piano, with mottled glass panels and gew-gaw candle-brackets, that my wife won in the guessing contest and is therefore inordinately proud of; or the case of stuffed birds which Uncle Lemuel left me in his will? How am I to make these things "beautiful in themselves and in restful accord with each other?"

The truth is, none of my furnishings are gregarious. From the green rug whose acrid hue assaults every other color in the room, to the wonderfully and fearfully made "ornamental" lamp, each thing is what the advertisement writers would call "*different*." Rabid in their nonconformity, how am I to make a happy family of them?

The main feud is between my heirlooms and my wedding presents—the former being atrocities in oak, walnut and plush of the Victorian era, and the latter, present-day garishnesses; so that the general effect might be likened to a colon: one period on top of another.

The author of "The Dwelling Beautiful" would probably suggest that I get rid of some of these incumbrances. The lamentable fact is that I *can't*. My relatives would disown me. For my whole family connection—not to mention my wife's (about which much might be said)—takes upon itself to police my belongings.

Every visit of a relative, even the casual call of my most distant cousin, means a critical inspection, a careful stock-taking of heirlooms and wedding presents.

A person who gives you anything as a wedding present never forgets it. His taste may be erratic, but his memory is inexorable. Because a thing happened to catch his fancy in an off-moment, it is anchored in your home forever. And the feeling of self-appreciation for his

to somebody else, and that somebody else feels that he or she would have appreciated it more than you do. Nevertheless, for you to disburden yourself of a single heirloom by presenting it to the person who coveted it most, would be to precipitate a family crisis.

Take, for instance, that case of stuffed birds. Every time Uncle Lemuel's daughter sees it she tells me how much it always meant to her, and how the old house seems empty without it.

Yet whenever I offer to make her a present of it she bursts into tears, and sobs that her dear father wanted me to have it, because I had once told him I liked birds, and that therefore she would be the last person in the world to deprive me of it.

So, along with all the rest of the harmony-killers, I am saddled for life with this ornithological incubus. It is true, as Cousin Ophelia says, that I like birds; but my fondness for them does not continue after they are defunct and stuffed; neither does it include *owls*, whether alive or dead, and there are no less than three owls in that cabinet—gloomy, dusty, evil-looking fowls, their big yellow glass eyes wide open and staring. I'll wager they had their eyes closed when Uncle Lemuel shot them. He never was much of a sport.

Be that as it may, these lugubrious specimens are on my hands. I kept them in the living-room till I couldn't stand them there any longer. (Strangers would ask me how I happened to take up taxidermy.) Then I removed them to the dining-room, where they promptly took away my appetite. Transferred subsequently to the nursery, they caused Mamma's Pet to go into convulsions of terror. I offered the cook an increase in wages if she would take the cursed things into *her* room; she threatened to leave. I made a pathetic appeal to my wife to take them into hers; she reminded me coolly that Uncle Lemuel was *my* uncle. Now they are in *my* room, in the corner where I used to keep my favorite chair.

But something tells me that they may not endure there forever. I am a mild-dispositioned man, long-suffering, and tractable; but that cabinet of birds is the last straw.

Some day you may see clouds of smoke pouring out of my windows and fire-engines pulling up at my door. If you do, don't feel sorry for me or censure me. A burning need will be satisfied. It will be a case of sponsored combustion.



"We girls are going in for simplicity this year. No graduating gown will cost more than one dollar."
"And not more than five cents' worth of paint to each girl would also be a good idea."

generosity, which he experiences whenever he beholds his gift in after years, prevents him from admitting, even to himself, that he was out of his mind when he bought it. Hence, you are doomed to be its perpetual curator, with the obligation to display it prominently, so that whenever he chooses to enter your house he may see it and claim it with his eye.

An heirloom is still worse. Each one that you have in your possession might have gone

Ruck



A SHORT CUT TO WIT

Once upon a recent time, there lived a young man named Ethelbert. As might be guessed, Ethelbert's ambitions were of the highbrow order.

"What are you goin' to be when you grow up?" asked John H. Thompson, aged thirteen.

"I am going to be wit," replied Ethelbert, firmly.

Whereupon John H. Thompson, who had leanings toward the plumbers' supply business, looked upon Ethelbert as a nut. Derision, however, did not shake our hero's determination, once his mind was made up. What commercial venture he embarked upon seemed to Ethelbert of little note in comparison with the by-product of his budding talent. There were any number of professions and businesses, and any number of men in them; but there were comparatively few wits in the world.

Ethelbert, imaginative beyond his years, saw himself sought by the elect. He saw himself in demand as an after-dinner speaker, one whose "latest" would travel like lightning and be chuckled over and treasured and repeated in the four corners of the country. He saw his stories and extracts from his speeches featured prominently in collections of the "World's Best Humor," one dollar down and a dollar a month. He saw himself the successor of Chauncey M. Depew, Simeon Ford, and the rest of the has-been wits; all poor enough in later comparison with Ethelbert.

No, sad to say, it didn't turn out precisely as Ethelbert had planned. He made the fatal mistake of trying to be funny all the time. He did not know that wits, like poets, had to be born, and that if nature did not do her duty by you, it was all off. Ethelbert became a bore at a tragically early age. When he was doing his prettiest,



THEORY AND PRACTICE

FIRST ABLE-BODIED MALE: Woman's place is in the home. As I was tellin' my wife—
SECOND ABLE-BODIED MALE: By the bye, Bill, what's yer wife doin' now?
FIRST ABLE-BODIED MALE: Workin' in the cannery.

as he fondly thought, several young ladies all but dislocated their jaws, yawning. As for his young men acquaintances, John H. Thompson and others, they made frequent use of the expression: "Beat it! Here comes Ethelbert!"

Manhood brought no change; no change, that is, except in the case of John H. Thompson. John, duly installed by his father in the plumbers' supply business, became a large, red-necked person who wore a seventeen collar and shoes like a member of the Traffic Squad. He had no ambition in the way of after-dinner speaking. His idea of wit was Mutt and Jeff, but after hours he got more laughs in fifteen minutes than Ethelbert ever heard in all his dank and dreary life. And he got them by a simple expedient.

On leaving the plumbers' supply depot, John H. Thompson's favorite expression was: "Boys, this one's on me." Whereupon he would inform the recipients of his bounty that he "had heard a good one that day," and would then proceed to tell it to a line of eager, responsive faces. No matter how badly he told them, or how much moss they had on them, John H. Thompson's stories always went with a whoop. Occasionally, when the plumbers' supply business had been exceptionally good, he bought wine, and then the laughter could be heard for blocks.

When the plumbers' supply trade gave a banquet at a large and gold-trimmed hotel, there was but one logical candidate for toastmaster. Ethelbert read in his morning paper of Toastmaster John H. Thompson, and further that Toastmaster Thompson "wittily presided." Ethelbert's emotions were of the mingled variety.

MORAL: Buy, and the world laughs with you.



BED TIME

MA KANGAROO: Now, children, go to sleep immediately — no pillow-fighting!

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT

NEW MAN ON THE ROAD: What is the best time for me to see the head of this firm I'm working for, boy?

OFFICE BOY: Between the time he gets your sales-account and the time he gets your expense-account.

DISPLACEMENT

Our latest ship has forty guns,
Announce the naval scholars,
Displacing 30,000 tons
And \$13,000,000.



IN OLD VIRGINIA

"Forsooth, wife, I deem it that young George Washington will find it unwise to pick out this cherry tree to cut down!"

HYPOTHETICAL QUESTIONS

*If you should find that you have been mistaken
All through these years in thinking me your friend,
And I should try within you to awaken
A love like mine and never more pretend—*

*Why shrink away? No reason for a tiff;
I didn't mean to hurt you. I said—IF.*

*If I should throw my arms quite tight around you,
And scorch your smiling lips with passionate kiss,
If I could make you feel my love had drowned you—
Would you be glad? Or take it all amiss?*

*Well, can't you answer? Don't draw up so stiff;
I haven't done it, have I? I said—IF.*

*If I should whisper wildly that I love you,
And tell you you were more to me than life,
If I should swear that by the skies above you
I worship you—yes, you, another's wife—*

*Don't turn your head away. Don't sneer and sniff;
You needn't look insulted. I said—IF.*

*If some dark night when you were soundly sleeping,
And madd'ning love for you impelled me on,
And to your door I softly came a-creeping,
Would you relent? Or bid me "Sir, begone!"*

*Now don't be angry, dearest, wait a jiff;
I didn't say I'd do this. I said—IF.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.
C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

A MILITARY DINNER

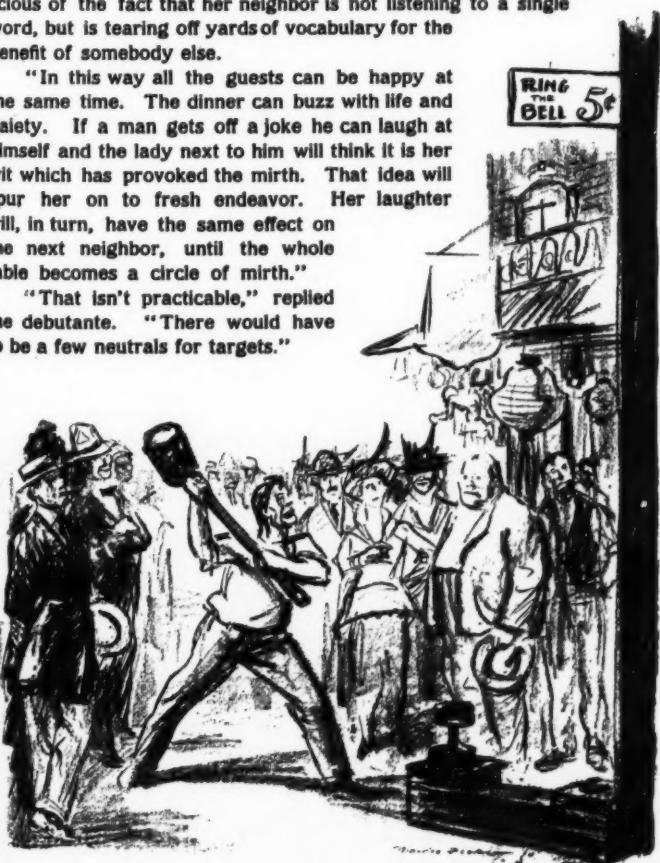
"Everything is military now," mused the debutante. "Military hats and gowns, military dishes to eat, such as dum-dum soup and howitzer cheese—"

"Yes," said the old beau, "and the military bearing which many are affecting will be a wonderful first aid to the dinner hostess. Until now she has had to arrange her guests with a good listener in between each pair of talkers. Now it will be proper for guests to look straight in front of them all the time, and there can be a whole table full of talkers."

"When a talker is staring straight ahead of him he won't have a chance to see whether his neighbor is listening or not, and the neighbor can be talking away as fast as she pleases, likewise unconscious of the fact that her neighbor is not listening to a single word, but is tearing off yards of vocabulary for the benefit of somebody else."

"In this way all the guests can be happy at the same time. The dinner can buzz with life and gaiety. If a man gets off a joke he can laugh at himself and the lady next to him will think it is her wit which has provoked the mirth. That idea will spur her on to fresh endeavor. Her laughter will, in turn, have the same effect on the next neighbor, until the whole table becomes a circle of mirth."

"That isn't practicable," replied the debutante. "There would have to be a few neutrals for targets."

**"THE DAY OF REST"****PUCK PRINTS**

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**"You Rascal, It's B.V.D.
That Keeps You Cool!"**

"You've been strutting around the house, bragging: 'How Cool I Am'—now I know the reason—caught with the goods. You can't get ahead of your Dad, though—ha! ha! I'm wearing B.V.D., too."

"Mother got mine for me the other day at Brown's. You bet she knows how to buy. Always gets what she asks for, and Boy, I haven't felt so cool and comfortable in all my life. Doesn't bind or chafe—launders as white and soft as a handkerchief."

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Firmly insist upon seeing the B.V.D. Red Woven Label, and firmly refuse to take any Athletic Underwear without it. Then you'll get properly cut, correctly made, long-service underwear.

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make beautiful decorations for club rooms and dens. Send 10c. in stamps for catalogue of interesting reproductions on heavy paper suitable for framing.

PUCK, 301 Lafayette St., N. Y.

Puck

The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 14)

Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Barrie—well, I'll have to ask the trusty Walkley." "And the Americans?" cries Ibsen, who is annoyed because Richard Strauss persists in asking for a symphonic scenario of 'Peer Gynt.'" "I'm sure," the composer complains, "Grieg will be forgotten if I write new incidental music for you." Ibsen looks at him sourly.

"American dramatists, or do you mean American millionaires?" Manet interpolated. "No, I fancy he means the American painters who imitate my pictures, making them better than the originals, and also getting better prices than I did."

"What envy! what slandering! what envious feelings!" sighs Nietzsche. "If my doctrine of the Eternal Recurrence of all things sublunar is a reality, then I will be sitting with these venomous spiders, will be in this identical spot a trillion of years hence. Oh horrors! Why was I born?"

"Divided tones," argues Manet, clutching Whistler by his carnillion necktie, "are the only—" Suddenly Shaw leaps on the stage.

"Gentlemen, gods, ghosts, idols, I've bad news for you. Max Nordau is in the audience." "Nordau!" walls everyone. Before the lights could be extinguished the guests were under the table. "No taking chances," whispers Nietzsche. "Quoi donc! who is this Nordau—a spy of Napoleon's?" demands Hugo, in bewildered accents. For answer, Baudelaire shivers and intones: "O! Poe, Poe. O! Edgar Allan Poe." Silence so profound that one hears the perspiration drop from Wagner's massive brow.

Counting the Cash Third Scene. It still snows without. Max, the only Nordau, stands in silent pride. He is alone. The erstwhile illuminated theatre is as dark as the Hall of Eblis. "Gone the Idols! All. I need but crack that old whip of Decadence and they crumble. So much for a mere word. And now to work. I'll write the unique tale of Shaw's Cave of Idols, or I alone witnessed the denouement."

He spoke aloud. Judge his chagrin when he heard the other Max give him this cheery leit-motiv: "I saw it all — what a story for my weekly review." "How like a yellow pear tree!" exclaims the disgusted theorist of mad genius. They speed each their various ways, as from the box-office comes the chink of silver. It is G. B. S. counting the cash. Who says a poet can't be a pragmatist? Curtain.

A Dilettante He is a little old fellow, with a slight glaze over the pupils of his eyes. He is never dressed in the height of the fashion, yet, when he enters a gallery, salesmen make an involuntary step in his direction; then they get to cover as speedily as possible, grumbling: "Look out! it's only the old bird again." But one of them is always nailed; there is no escaping Charmian. He thinks he knows more about etchings than Kennedy or Keppel, and when Montross and Macbeth tell him of American art, he violently contradicts them. He is the embittered dilettante; embittered, because with his moderate means he can never hope to own even the most insignificant of the treasures exposed under his eyes every day, week, and month in the year. So he rails at the dealers, inveighs against the artists, and haunts auction rooms. He never bids, but is extremely solicitous about the purchases of other people. He has been known to sit for hours on a small print, until, in despair, the owner leaves. Then, with infinite precautions, our amateur arises, so contriving matters that his hard-won victory is not discovered by profane and prying eyes. Once at home, he gloats over his prize, showing it to a favored few. He bought it. He selected it. It is a tribute to his exquisite taste. And the listeners are beaten into dismayed silence by his vociferations, by his agile, ape-like skippings and parrot ejaculations. Withal, he is not a criminal, only a monomaniac of art. He sometimes mistakes a Whistler for a Durer; but he lays the blame on his defective eyesight.

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WHO can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 166, Washington, D. C.



DIARY

April 26, 1820

Captain Tappan is back from a voyage with many wonderful tales to tell. He brought with him some strange liquors, but agrees with me that there is nothing so excellent as

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

The verdict of those who have made comparisons is always the same as that of Capt. Tappan. With a flavor and bouquet exceedingly pleasant and a uniform quality, Old Overholt is always in the lead. Aged in the wood, bottled in bond. A. Overholt & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.



Gouverneur Morris—“Father of the Penny”

AMONG all the framers of the Constitution of the United States none were more adept at constructive statesmanship than the "father of the American decimal system" and originator of the copper cent. The finish, style and arrangement of the Constitution fairly belong to the brilliant and eloquent Morris. From his youth to the hour of his death he was a devoted and dauntless worker for American progress. His unrivaled ability as an orator was known throughout Europe, and his funeral orations on Washington, Clinton and Hamilton are treasured American classics. Gouverneur Morris was an indomitable supporter of the Louisiana Purchase. He it was who rescued LaFayette from prison walls and aided him from his private purse. Personally he was very handsome; his nature was impulsive, but his heart was warm and generous. He loved society, and his

hospitality was famous. All his life he drank the creative brews of malt and hops, and who will dare say that it weakened his will power or detracted from his success, his fame, his glory and his might? It was upon the tenets of the Constitution of the U. S. A. that Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. During these 58 years they have daily brewed from the finest barley and hops beers famous for being alive with natural force and nutriment. Their great brand BUDWEISER, because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of any other bottled beer by millions of bottles. BUDWEISER'S popularity grows daily, and 7500 people are daily employed to keep pace with the public demand.

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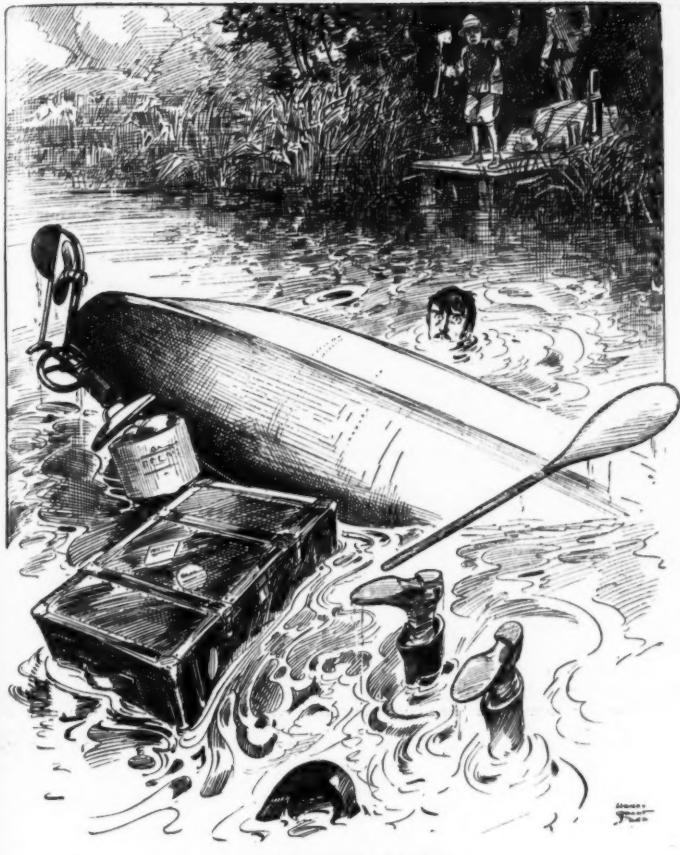
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JUST HIS WAY

THE ONE ON THE BANK: What's your friend trying to do, swim under water or walk on his hands?

THE ONE IN THE WATER: Neither. He's a health crank and thinks he can't catch cold if he keeps his feet dry.

"THE LEGION OF ATONEMENT"

Among the responses brought forth by the publication in PUCK of the "Legion of Atonement" idea—namely, the suggestion of a Southern reader that the inmates of our prisons be given a chance to earn their ultimate freedom by military service, under proper restrictions—none is more interesting than the comment of the *Leavenworth New Era*. This paper is edited and published by the prisoners at the United States Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, and a discussion of the "Legion of Atonement" occupies nearly all of the front page of the issue of May 7th. It is headed: "New Era Replies to PUCK'S Inquiry; a Prisoner's View of a Unique Proposition."

"One is not usually prepared to take seriously an item in PUCK, New York's famous periodical that has for half a century fixed the laven in American life," says the writer. "But PUCK, like other periodicals and newspapers, long since fell in line in favor of reform in prisons and in prison management. An effort of this nature can only be viewed in a serious light."

After quoting practically all of PUCK'S editorial, the writer at Leavenworth, himself a prisoner, gives some first-hand testimony that is valuable. He remarks:

"So far as this prison is concerned, it is estimated that thirty per cent of its population are able to meet the physical and mental requirements of military service, and out of that percentage nearly all would prove most acceptable, as soldiers go. A large portion of that percentage have been soldiers already. This ratio would hold good in the other two Federal prisons. The thirty per cent mentioned would also meet the age requirements.

"When it comes to prison reformatories and state prisons, it is impossible for us to make an intelligent estimate; but that there is enough material to do what Mr. Thornton imagines, there is little doubt.

"The fact that after a man serves his time he is stigmatized by the loss of citizenship, and thus sorely handicapped, is most regrettable, especially in a number of cases where he wishes to be of service to his country and community as a citizen.

"Those persons who harbor the idea that because a man is in prison he loses any of his inherent patriotism, should hear prisoners' arguments in time of war. That the normal prisoner would respond, and that he does respond, to the noblest sentiments the human heart can harbor, one needs must be in touch with the prison chaplains, who carry the dead secrets of dead and living prisoners, where the greatest of human sacrifices are made in the face of death and damnation for the sake of family and friends. In such inflammable human fuel can be found not sparks, but flames of patriotism, smothered and dormant through the downward force of condemnation. Pride is the great possession of many, many prisoners. There is no patriotism without pride—pride of country, family, and home. That there is able and efficient material in the prisons of this country to do what Mr. Thornton suggests, and what PUCK indorses, there can be no question. The question is another altogether. What that question is may be fully stated by those who take up the negative to this proposition.

"That the subject merits discussion and possibly action seems reasonable. That it will receive such consideration is perhaps hardly probable. The experiment may be dangerous, in that it might prove that Thornton and PUCK are right in their views, whereupon, what would become of all those whose trade is to oppose regeneration?

"And that ancient dogma of hatred and revenge, so long advocated by the 'holier than thou'—ah! friends, what would become of it?"



GOOD NEWS for all Friends and Admirers of Egyptian Plain End Cigarettes

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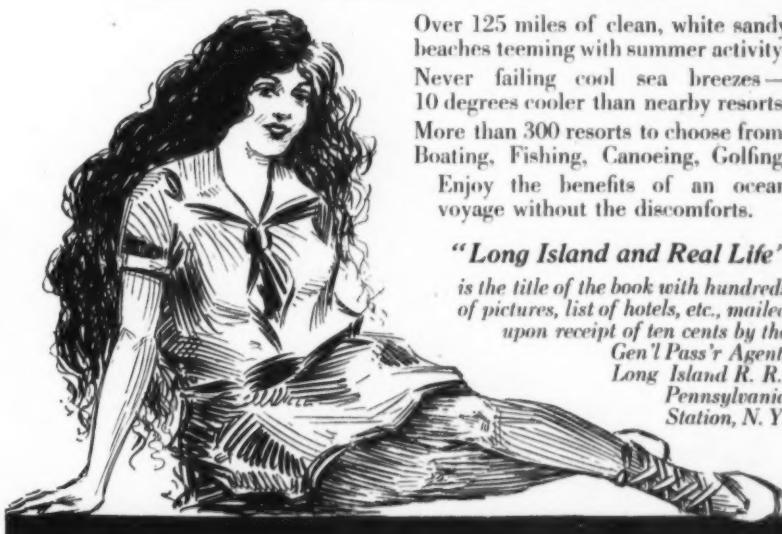
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A SLIGHT OVERSIGHT

Before the ink was dry on the diploma, the Efficiency Expert had arranged his card catalogue of the cosmos. His equipment included a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, several decks of blue, yellow, pink, mauve and primrose cards, and a steel cabinet.

"My blue cards will tell me how much my merchandise costs me," he explained; "and my yellow cards how much I get for it. Everybody in the office must sign a pink card when they come in and a mauve card when they leave. The luncheon hour is registered on the primrose cards."

"What business are you going in?" inquired the Innocent Bystander.

A shadow of perplexity passed across the features of the Efficiency Expert.

"I hadn't thought of that," he said.

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See that crown is branded "Schlitz"
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Order a case today.

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**THACKERAY, NON-ALCOHOLIC
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From "Pendennis"

"A bottle of root beer, a bottle of pear cider, a bottle of grape juice and a banana split, it ain't so bad, hay, Pen?" Foker said.

* * *

In the course of this long vacation Mr. Pen drank up the bin of pineapple phosphate which his father had laid in, and of which we have heard the son remark that there was not a headache in a hogshead.

* * *

"Bungay, my boy, where did you get this delicious cold tea?"

"I'm glad you like it, Mr. Wagg; glass with you," said the publisher. "It's some I got from Alderman Benning's store, and gave a good figure for it, I can tell you. Mr. Pendennis, will you join us? Your 'ealth, gentlemen."

"The old rogue, where does he expect to go to? It came from the public house," Wagg said. "It requires two men to carry off that cold tea, 'tis so uncommonly strong."

From "Vanity Fair"

Being an invalid, Joseph Sedley contented himself with a bottle of fermenting grape juice at dinner, and he managed a couple of platefuls of strawberries and cream, and twenty-four little rout cakes.

* * *

Finally, he insisted upon having a bowl of lemonade; everybody had lemonade at Vauxhall. "Waiter, lemonade."

That bowl of lemonade was the cause of all this history. And why not a bowl of lemonade as well as any other cause?

* * *

He began by praising his father's iced coffee. That was generally a successful means of cajoling the old gentleman.

"We never got such iced coffee in the West Indies, sir, as yours. Colonel Heavy-top took off three bottles of that you sent me down, under his belt the other day."

* * *

"Hullo, Dob! Come and drink, old Dob! The Duke's vanilla soda is famous. Give me some more, you sir;" and he held out a trembling glass.

"Come out, George," said Dobbin, still gravely; "don't drink."

"Drink! There's nothing like it. Drink yourself, and light up your lantern jaws, old boy. Here's to you."

* * *

At his new home, Master George ruled like a lord; at dinner he invited the ladies to drink ginger ale with the utmost coolness, and took off his milk and seltzer in a way which charmed his old grandfather. "Look at him," the old man would say, nudging his neighbor, with a delighted purple face, "did you ever see such a chap?"

* * *

Jos said with great solemnity it was the best turtle soup he had ever tasted in his life, and asked Mr. Osborne where he got his birch beer.

"It is some of Sedley's birch beer," whispered the butler to his master. "I've had it a long time, and paid a good figure for it, too," Mr. Osborne said aloud.

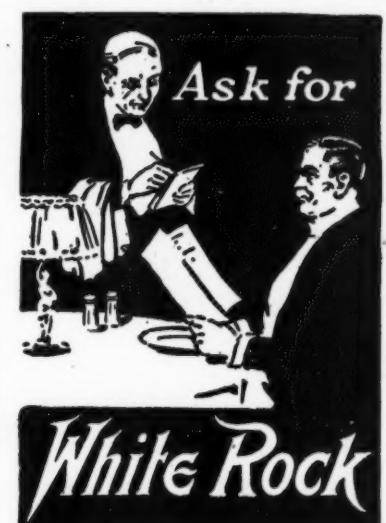
NEXT STEP

WILLIS: My wife has just ordered the most daring bathing-suit of the season.
GILLIS: Now I suppose she will write for circulars of the various summer resorts.

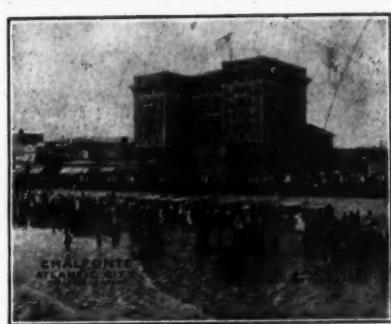
WILLIS: No; she is writing for copies of their municipal ordinances.

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